

DELL

ONE DOLLAR

HUCK and YOGI

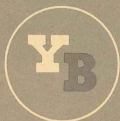
JAMBOREE



featuring
21 ALL-NEW
HILARIOUS
ACTS



Kim M





An original slapstick
review of modern-day
life, staged by two of
America's most laughable
cartoon characters, Yogi Bear
and Huckleberry Hound.





Huckleberry Hound

by

HANNA and BARBERA

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APPLAUSE!

For capturing the frantic, mad pace of human existence in a pair of delightful performances.

KUDOS! To

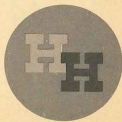
YOGI BEAR, alias Yogi Bearymore, who adds new luster to his acting laurels. It is a fact that since cub-hood Yogi has not acted like a bear. He has seldom growled, rarely roared, and worse, he is known to have spoken lines in people-language. The following program will show that Yogi's impressive string of frantic skits border on the skitzofrantic.



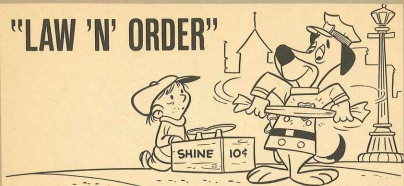
ORCHIDS! To

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND, better known to his fans as "Huck," and famed for his impersonations. But don't let the greasepaint and costume fool you. Huck can be spotted by his four flat feet, a wagging tail, and two droopy ears. This cunning canine has no bark, no bite, but a real nose for comedy. Nothing can stop old Huck from sniffing his way into other people's affairs to prove that in a man's world, it's a dog's life.

Curtain going up!



"LAW 'N' ORDER"



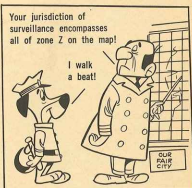
You're a law enforcement officer, first class!

I'm a rookie cop!

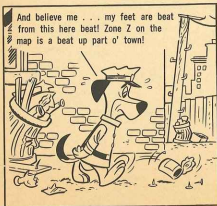


Your jurisdiction of surveillance encompasses all of zone Z on the map!

I walk a beat!



And believe me . . . my feet are beat from this here beat! Zone Z on the map is a beat up part o' town!



Halp! Law-enforcement officer!

Hear that bleat? Feet . . . do a double-time beat!



My pockets were picked!

You can stop hollerin' now, man! Help is here!



Don't stand there! The pickpocket is getting away on that bus! After him!

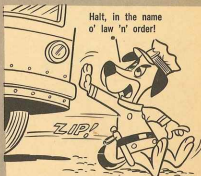
Well, if you insist!



Clever criminal . . . he's puttin' up a smoke screen! This calls for a drastic maneuver on my part! I'll dash in front of the bus!



Halt, in the name o' law 'n' order!

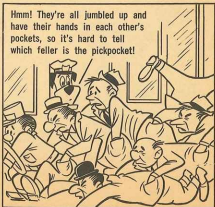


SCREECH!

I knew it wouldn't dare run over a law-enforcement officer!



Hmm! They're all jumbled up and have their hands in each other's pockets, so it's hard to tell which feller is the pickpocket!



Well, I'd better
act fast while
they're all
groggy!



Chief! Officer
Huckleberry
requests
help!



What! How many
pair of handcuffs?



"So we had a line-up, and the pickpocket
victim picked out the real rogue . . ."

That's him!
That's the man!



Step forward, you
cotton-pickin'
pickpocket, you!



Boy, a guy sure gets a
lot for his dime when he
boards a bus in this burg!



Congratulations, officer
Huckleberry! We've been
after "Grabby Gaberdine"
for a long time!

It was just
routine,
Sir!



Well, for being so superbly
routine you're hereby promoted
to the P.C.C.!

Yay! The
Parkview
Country
Club!



But it turned out I was wrong! I didn't even get a teensy peek at the Country Club! I was a police car cop!

Th' only thing wrong with belongin' to the P.C.C. is that the dadburn radio doesn't play no music!

Car 13, call your station!

a 605 at Main and Maple!

Investigate a 592 and do it PDQ!



Try Dr. Archie's remedy for flat fee!



Attention car 711 . . .
Attention!

Say!
That's me!



Be on the lookout for . . .
"Machine Gun Delly"! . . .

Oops!

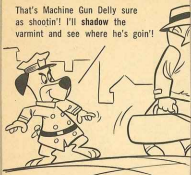


Warning! Machine Gun Delly usually carries his machine gun in a violin case!

Shhh!
Not so loud!



That's Machine Gun Delly sure
as shootin'! I'll shadow the
varmint and see where he's goin'!



Oh-oh! He's gonna
rob the bank!

Or else they made a mistake on his
bank account statement and he's gonna
complain with a burst o' hot lead!



It won't do to have a gunfight
in this crowded place . . . I might
shoot some innocent crook!



Since he's gotta wait in
that long line, I'll have
time to run an errand!



One fiddle
complete with
fiddle case,
please!

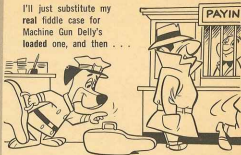
And charge it to the
chief . . . it was his
idea to promote me!



Now back to
the bank!



I'll just substitute my
real fiddle case for
Machine Gun Delly's
loaded one, and then . . .



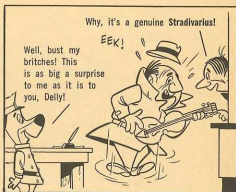
Ya see this,
chum? Eh?



Why, it's a genuine Stradivarius!

Well, bust my
britches! This
is as big a surprise
to me as it is to
you, Delly!

EEK!



So . . . I made a handsome
profit off that strad,
officer Huckleberry!

Jest routine,
chief!



Then, too, you caught Machine Gun
Delly . . . so I'm promoting you again
. . . to D.A.!

I hope that
doesn't stand
for "Danged
Awful"!



"D.A." turned out to be
District Attorney!

But "Distressed Attorney," is more fitting! It's
a crime what small print they use in law books!



Those crooks I caught earlier
have themselves the biggest-
mouthed mouthpiece in town!



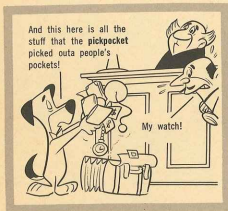
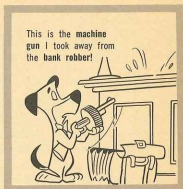
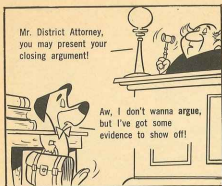
His arguments are swaying the
judge . . . or else he had onions on
his cereal this morning!



And that purty gal is swaying
the jury with her phony alibi
for the crooks!

The crooks are innocent! They were
both playing checkers with me when
the crimes were committed!





Yes, yes . . . Go
on to something
else!



GAWSH! I didn't mean to rest my case right on the foot of the crooks' attorney!

Ow! Ow! Stop torturing me! I'll confess!



I paid the witness to fib up an alibi!

I never played checkers with the crooks! I don't even know how to play checkers!



We, the Jury, find the crooks, the beautiful gal, and the big-mouth mouthpiece all plenty guilty!



I won my first case!

Huckleberry, you are hereby promoted to the highest of all law enforcement positions in the world . . . you're now in the S.T.C.!

S.T.C.? That's a real stumper, chief!



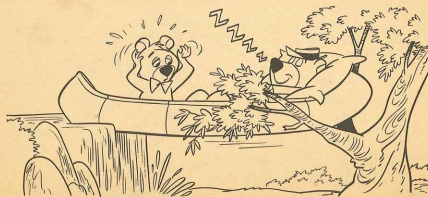
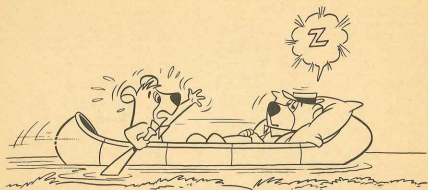
So . . . Hmm . . . Now I see what S.T.C. stands for!



It's Satellite Traffic Control! A feller couldn't get much higher up!



the End



HUCKLEBERRY
HOUND'S

*Advice
to the
Lovelorn*

Dear Huckleberry;

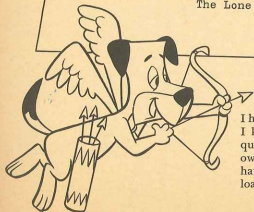
I am just an ordinary
red-blooded American boy,
but I have trouble meeting
girls!

Do you know anything
about this subject, and is
it a secret?

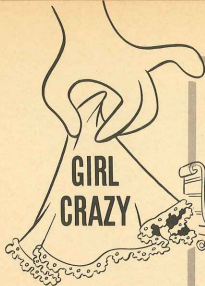
Halp!

(Signed:)

The Lone Dater



I hope to tell you
I know about gettin' ac-
quainted with girls! My very
own mammy was a girl! Just
hang around, and I'll un-
load a few tips!



First, you
buy a purty
hanky! They're
only 69¢ at
the 5 & 10¢
store!



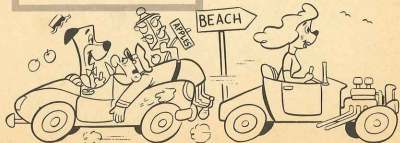
Then you set and loiter till a
pretty girl comes along!



Just say, Pardon me, Miss, you
dropped your hanky-honker!
That'll start the conversation
out, and from there on you're
on your own!



Warning: Don't buy a hanky
with the initial "Z" on it! It's
extra hard to meet up with
girls named Zeke!



But don't give up easy, even if she
hops in her hot-rod and tries to

make a getaway! Pursue the purty girl
and let no obstacle bar your way . . .



If she has a powerful attraction for husky fellers . . . and if you don't happen to be husky . . . don't lose hope . . .



Then proceed to blow yourself up . . .



Buy yourself half of a rubber skin-divin' suit . . .



Only don't blow up *too* much! Big noises will cause girls to jump the wrong way!



So he takes her to a dance . . . So what? All you have to do is cut in by tappin' her pardner on the shoulder!



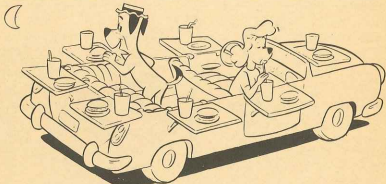
I advise a *Judo* blow! It's quick and effective, and really discourages your competition!



Once you get dancin' with the girl,
you'll find plenty o' things to say . . .



Soon her footsies will be hurtin' so
much she'll be glad to ride with
you . . .



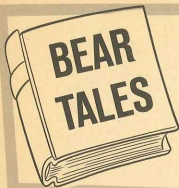
So take her to a drive in cafe, and be a big spender!



Finally, get her to park in the Park
with you, and turn out the light!
She deserves an opportunity like
this!



You see, most good-lookin' girls are
too bashful and shy to haul off and
smack a feller with the lights on!



Don't tell Yogi I'm tattlin' but I think
all you bear lovers should know the
whole story of Yogi's
life! I call it a
bearography!

"It all started years ago when
the park ranger found a baby
bear in a basket on his
doorstep in the thick of winter!"



Tch, tch! Why would any
mama bear abandon a
bouncy little baby boy
bear like you?



"Why? Well, the ranger soon found out
why! It took a whole picnic basket
just as big as Yogi's bed basket to
fill his bread basket at every meal!"



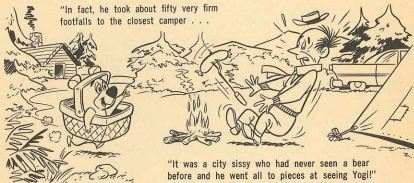
"The bottle between meals soon had to be a thermos jug (family size)!"



"Then one day when Yogi had outgrown his basket crib, he took his first step . . ."



"In fact, he took about fifty very firm footfalls to the closest camper . . ."



"It was a city sissy who had never seen a bear before and he went all to pieces at seeing Yogi!"

"Yogi only wanted the hot dog . . ."



"But the deserted clothes seemed to fit his personality, though the rest of him still had to grow into them!"



"But Yogi kept eating, so growing up was just bound to happen!"

I'm
tie
tall
and
still
going
up . . .
up . . .
up!



"And when he got to be a three-tie-tail-teenager . . ."

Yogi! It's time
you go out into
the world and fend
for yourself!

Awk! For years
I've feared you
would wise up!



Go on . . . eat nuts
and berries!



"But Yogi couldn't stand nuts and
berries . . . he was too civilized, I guess!"



YEEEGH!

"So Yogi ran away to join the circus
where he became a skating bear!"



"But the circus people
paid him off in . . ."

Peanuts!
YEEEGH!



"Where does a fella go when he runs away from the circus? No place! He simply wandered aimlessly!"



"And soon somebody was aiming at aimless Yogi . . ."



"It was Sir Potshot, the famous big game hunter!"

I give up!
King's X!



That's not very sporting of you! In all my miserable years of big game hunting, nobody ever gave up!

Oh! Well, I'm new at the game!
How does it go?



Amateur, eh? Well, it's really quite simple! you run . . . I shoot you . . .



And you jolly-quick end up in my trophy den!

Hmm! Not a bad deal, if I work it right!



I'll volunteer to be a live trophy! Imagine how it'll thrill your friends to have me snap and snarl at 'em as they saunter by!

Heh! It sounds too good to be true! Must be a catch to it!



"Yes, there was a catch to it! Yogi stood with his bear face stuck through the stucco . . ."



"And with his mouth munching out of a fruit bowl!"



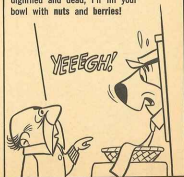
"Keeping the bowl full was the big catch!"

"But a steady diet of apples, bananas and peaches finally got to be a big bore to Yogi's wild appetite!"

I wanna hot dog . . .
bag of popcorn . . .
choc'lit bar . . .
soda pop . . .
sardines . . .



If you don't pipe down and act dignified and dead, I'll fill your bowl with nuts and berries!



"Yogi was a bored bruin till a birdie tossed him a tidbit of news!"

Cheep!
Eep!
Peep!

No kiddin'!?

Hooray! Now I can return
to Jellystone Park and
lead a life worth livin'!



"You see, that was a number of years ago when the Park Service was forming its policies and rules and the ranger was posting them for all to see!"

Oh, I've just
got to feed
this bear!

Me,
too!

Yoo-hoo! We'll feel
hurt if you shun our
goodies, Mr. Bear!

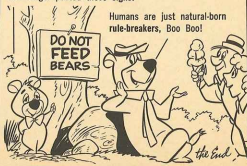


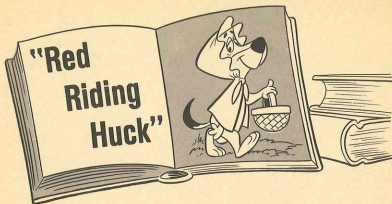
Yep! Folks suddenly
felt an irresistible
impulse to feed the
bears, and it's still
that way today!



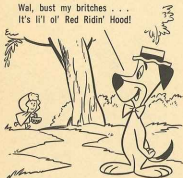
Heh! Nobody gave a crumb about bears till
the ranger posted these signs!

Humans are just natural-born
rule-breakers, Boo Boo!



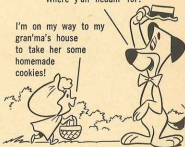


Wal, bust my britches . . .
It's li'l ol' Red Ridin' Hood!



Howdy, li'l ol' Red Ridin' Hood!
Where y'all headin' for?

I'm on my way to my
gran'ma's house
to take her some
homemade
cookies!



What a nice kid!
She's one o' the
good ones!



Hey! Did she say
gran'ma's
house?!



Doesn't she know
the wolf's there
waitin' for her?

No wolf's gonna
bother that li'l
hooded honey-pie
while I'm around!

Whoa, boy! Here's a lucky break! I'll git over
there first an' fix that ol' wolf . . . but good!

SHORT-CUT
TO
GRAN'MA'S

I'll be at
gran'ma's house
'fore you can say
Huckle . . .

Berry (gulp!) I got there so fast,
I didn't have time to build up m' courage!

GRAN'MA'S

Hmm . . . If'n that wolf is
really in there, I've gotta
outsmart him . . . bamboozle
him . . . hoodwink him . . .

HOODwink him!
Heh! Why not?



Tum-te-tum! My own keen-eyed, nimble-nosed
mama wouldn't reckonize me in this disguise!



Li'l ol' Red Ridin' Huck will
nab that nasty wolf red-handed!



Ahem! Come in, Dearie!
(Slurp!)



I can hardly wait to see the look on his
face when he bites into me an' finds out
I'm an impostor!



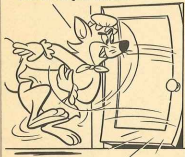
Huh? You're li'l ol' Red Ridin'
Hood . . . with that big ol' schnozzola?

I musta inherited
your good looks,
gran'ma!





Thanks, gran'ma! You'll get
time off for good behavior!



Never depend on li'l ol' ladies
with bifocals to make a decent
identification, kids!



It appears as how I'll have
to re-sort to another
clever disguise!

GRAN'MA'S



So . . . Ice cream . . . tutti-frutti
. . . raw razzberry . . . horange
. . . lumon and avocado . . .



I'll stuff this here wolf with sweets so he'll
get hisself a good ol'-fashioned tummy-ache!



(Ulp!) Suddenly, I don't
feel so well myself!



I'm through with bein' clever! I'm just gonna slip in the back door and rescue dear ol' gran'ma!



This is a cinch! That dumb wolf is up front waitin' for me to pull another one of my disguises!



Nothin' to be skeered of, granny!



Halp! Police!
Halp! Halp!



All right! What's going on here?

This guy with the big nose busted in here and claimed to be li'l Red Riding Hood!

Er . . . that's true, b-but . . .



So! You admit to
housebreaking, entering,
and false
impersonation!

Some days it
just don't pay
to be a hero!



You're goin' to a
cell for a spell,
you glib-mouthed
con man!

Er . . . you're
makin' all
kinds of
mistakes,
officer!



For one thing . . . Oops! So I did!
you fergot to
untie gran'ma!



I'll rush right back, and . . .

You're a livin'
doll to cooper-
ate with me,
gran'ma!



Hush up and shut this door,
wolf! Li'l Red Riding Hood
will be here any second!

Yummy! I can
hardly wait!

Hmm! Something funny's going on here!
There's another grandmother, and
she's wearing a wolf's tail!



Could it be a real wolf in disguise . . . awaiting the arrival of that poor, unsuspecting child?

Now you're gettin' hep, officer!



And looky . . . Here comes li'l ol' Red Riding Hood now!

I wouldn't even be too sure of that!



I brought you some cookies, granny! (SLURP!)

Oh-oh!



You were right all along, doggie . . . we must save her from that awful wolf!

Better bust in there pronto, partner!



SMASH!

This is real peachy! Just like they do it on TV!



Oh-h-h! I shouldn't have made such a pig outa myself!

(SLURP!) (SLURP!)

(GULP!)



I'm sorry they turned out bad again, granny! Maybe my next batch will be better!

(Groan!) This whole plot to get those cookies is a flop! Now that I've eaten 'em, I've gotten a terrible tummy-ache!



You're under arrest for accepting cookies under false pretenses!



Oh, my achin' tummy!

It's off to the clink for you!



Granny! I was just coming to rescue you!

Is Red Riding Hood gone? I couldn't disappoint her by refusing to eat her homemade cookies!



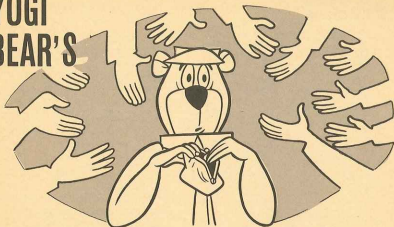
She's learning to cook, and I just can't stand it! Luckily, the wolf came along . . . tee, hee!

But mighty unlucky fer him, Ma'am!





YOGI BEAR'S



TIPS ON TIPPING



The dictionary says a *tip* is a small present given for services rendered, but it doesn't say what to do when you're getting palmed to pieces. Just plain slapping the outstretched palm is too crude (besides, they slap back), so I am going to set forth my *tips on tipping* forthwith . . .

TIP #1



All you need is a *pen*, *green ink*, and a *little talent* to draw a generous-type tip on the tablecloth!



While the waiter is busy tryin' to pick it up, you exit gracefully!

TIP #2



Flip a coin to the fella! This looks and feels real big time!



Then zip back and beat him to the grab! This looks disgraceful, but it sure feels fine! (Practice this with a poor relative to work up speed.)

TIP #3



Eat all you can as fast as you can . . .



It takes a pretty hard-boiled waiter to pester you for a tip as you're being carried out with a big tummy ache.

TIP #4



And if you ever feel like givin' yourself a treat and a vacation from tipping, eat in a *cafeteria* for a few days!



So much for food and waiters! There are *others* who also expect to be tipped!

TIP #5



Giving the hotel *doorman* the gate is easy! Detour around him . . .



Use a *window*, but be careful!

TIP #6



The bellhop who carries your bags up to your room may keep hanging around expectantly . . .



Give him the *unexpected* . . . shake your lunchbox before opening it, and Mr. Bellhop will hop out of your life!

TIP #7



After you're out of bees, you'll get a telegram from home . . . then the delivery boy will make a familiar sound . . .



But a nice, fat *cough drop* will cure that!

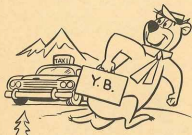
TIP #8



Oh, those telegrams from home are often shockers . . .



In order to get home quick, you have to cope with all the hotel employees *again!*



You have to engage a *taxi driver!* But just pay the *exact fare* . . . then ZOOM!

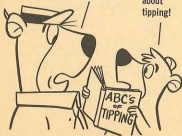


The new cars are built too *wide and low* for him to follow you into your cave!

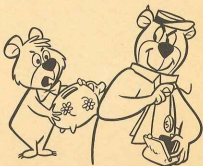
LAST TIP

I got your wire, Boo Boo!
What's up?

Plenty!
I learned about tipping!



And since I've been waiting on you like a mother all of my life, I figure you owe me about a *ton of back tips!*



Learn to lose like a good sport . . . that means with *strings attached!*

THE LONG WEEK END

part 1
trampolineaper



Yay! I've just completed my first **Shorty Hour Work Week** and now I've got a long-long weekend to enjoy!



"But all that glitters is not gold . . . in fact, the glitter gets kinda bitter, quick!"

I'm bored stiff as a board!



I know . . . I'll take up some kind o' athletical sport!



Somehow I feel like just a spectator at these sports . . .

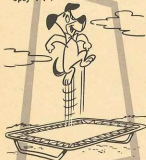


Now if I myself were bobbin' up an' down . . . that'd be it!

Hot doggie! A trampoline place is just the place where I can go up 'n' down and be a real honest-to-goodness active athlete!



Upsy . . .



Then downsy . . .



Er . . . I just have one bit of advice for other would-be springsters . . .



Don't patronize trampoline places run by ladies!

Let's see . . . I think it'll look better over on this side!



part
2
unseeing
sight
seer

Heh! A trip abroad oughta
use up my long weekend . . .
and some o' my money, too!



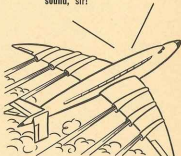
Fasten your safety belts
and hold onto your hats!

Yes, sir,
Ma'am!



We're flying
faster than
sound, sir!

I can't hear
you, ma'am!



But I reckon I can unbuckle
my safety belts, now!



Dear me,
no! Just
sit tight . . .

We're landing in Paris
already, sir!

Hot doggie!
Maybe I'll
see 'em
make some
plaster of it!



"But it seems as how the new hat fashions
had just come out and all I saw of Paris
was the latest things . . . the hats!"



"Anyway, being on an economy
tour doesn't leave you long
in one spot!"

All aboard!

And I'm
still all
bored!



"And when in Rome, do
as the Romans do . . . so . . ."

Sh-h! It's a siesta time!

(Yawn!) The only
things I'll see here
will be dreams!



Well, I won't get gypped
in good ol' London town!
That big ol' tick-tock
called Big Ben will be
easy to see!



"But it was a foggy
day in good ol' London . . ."

Oh, well . . . I'll still be
able to hear it when
it strikes th' hour!

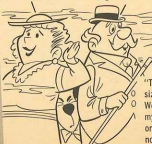


"But just as Big Ben belted out th' hour . . ."

Hear that,
Henry?

Yes! It's
Big Ben!

**BONG!
BONG!
BONG!**



"Talk about king-
sized ear muffs . . .
Well, that ended
my tour o' Europe
on a muffled
note!"

**part
3
Do-It-To
Yourself**

My trip abroad was so quick
that I've still gotta
lotta weekend left!

Only now I know how to
use it all up usefully
and have fun, too!



These here are the parts to a
Papa-Power-Tool-Machine that
saws, drills, lathes,
sands, and tickles
you pink!



I think you
can even fill
teeth with it!

Heh! Soon as I put the gadget
together, I'll remodel my house
for a weekend project!



"When all of a sudden
along comes a good
samaritan, Yogi Bear . . ."



Let's
see
now . . .
Hmmm . . .

Here's your trouble, Huck . . .
it isn't plugged in!



Oh, no, Yogi . . .
no, NO, NO!

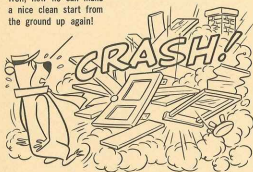
You've gone and started up the powerful power saw part while I've got a-holt of it!



Sheesh! It would be on an extension cord . . . it's makin' mouse meat outta his house!



Well, now he can make a nice clean start from the ground up again!



Halp! Yogi! I'm under this chopped down hobby house!



Hmmm . . . Looks like you've finally found a way to use up your long weekend, Huck!



'How do I feel,' Doc? Why, just Jim Dandy!



Heh! And you get to use your hospital insurance, too!

the End

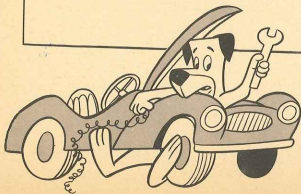
Dear Huckleberry;

I drive one of those teensy FOREIGN
SPORT CARS, which is okay, except that all
the BIG CAR COMMANDOS bully and bump me from
one end of the thoroughfare to the other —
they're THOROUGH, but not very FAIR!

What advice can you give me?

(Signed:)

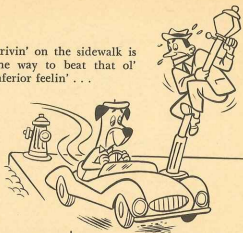
Your Bent-up-buddy with the
Bug-size Buggy



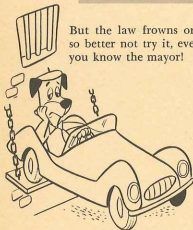
Shucks! I've got
a whole tankful of
advice for you,
buddy! Just turn
this here page, and
watch how I wield my
own wee wagon!

CAR CRAZY

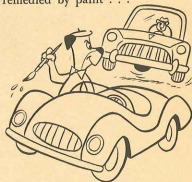
Drivin' on the sidewalk is
one way to beat that ol'
inferior feelin' . . .



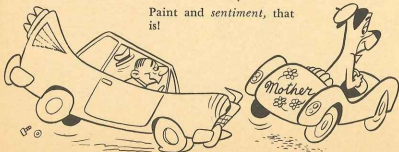
But the law frowns on it,
so better not try it, even if
you know the mayor!



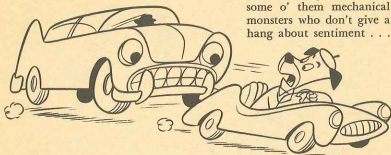
Gettin' rammed in the
trunk is one hazard easily
remedied by paint . . .



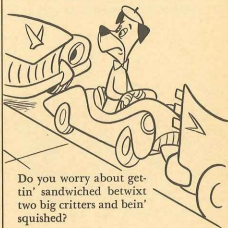
Paint and *sentiment*, that
is!



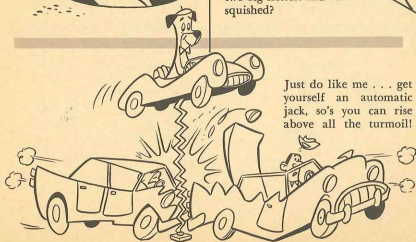
Unfortunately, there are some o' them mechanical monsters who don't give a hang about sentiment . . .



In which case, head for the nearest manhole an' lay low till the coast is clear!



Do you worry about gettin' sandwiched betwixt two big critters and bein' squished?



Just do like me . . . get yourself an automatic jack, so's you can rise above all the turmoil!

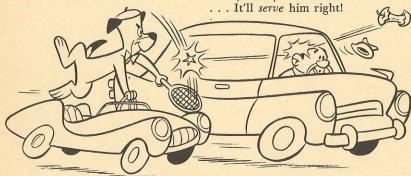


And then, there's the *litter-bug* who can be a pain in the eye . . .

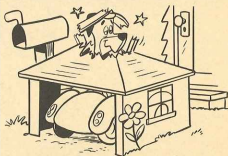


But be *sporting* about it . . .

Always carry a *tennis racket*
... It'll *serve* him right!

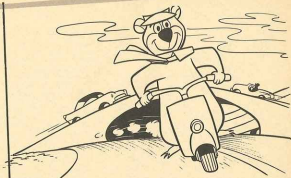


Now, one last word of advice
... be careful when you get
home and stand up to get
outa your itty-bitty buggy . . .



Remember . . . more accidents
happen at home than any
place else!

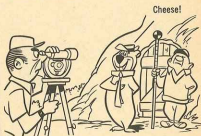
WHAT TO DO WHEN THE FREEWAY COMES YOUR WAY



Early some spring, when
you wake up and hear a new
kind of "bird" chirping
outside your door . . .



It'll be a surveyor! It won't
help to smile, 'cause he's not
taking your picture! He's
plottin' pavement!



Whether you want it or not,
they'll pay you for your
frontage . . .



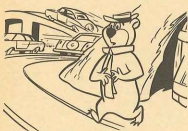
So don't let 'em off easy . . .
make 'em pay for all
your frontage!



Then the mechanical mother-nature-mashin' monsters move in, and nothing is sacred! Soon the old neighborhood looks all new and like nothing!



By the time they finish, you are just dying to go out . . . dying of hunger, that is!



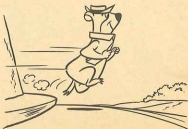
But look out . . . you don't just set your foot out on a free-way . . . unless you like flat feet!



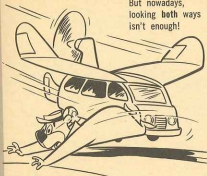
Wait for a break in the traffic, if you don't first succumb to a break in the head!



Then, when the coast is clear, make your bid for freedom!



But nowadays,
looking both ways
isn't enough!



Well, maybe you've been trying
too hard! The simple, carefree
saunter is a good technique!



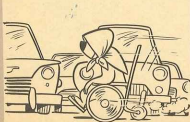
Except in the case of
some small, persistent
pest-type cars!



You'll find that
a big steep grade
slows down those
little whipper-
snappers to the
point where
you've got a
fighting chance!



The old lady in a wheelchair
disguise seems to command respect
on any highway!



However, I must warn
against overconfidence . . .
or cockiness . . .



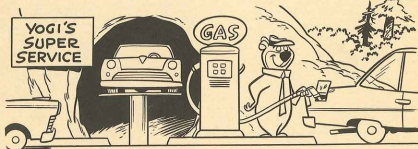
Fast drivers in the slow lane
can manage to pick you
off two times out of three!



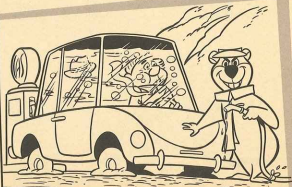
However, sooner or later you will
realize that the time has come to
change your way of thinking . . .



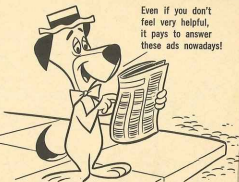
Stop fighting the situation and take advantage of it . . .
get the freeway fiends where it hurts—in their gas tanks!



And then, once
in a while, when
you're checkin'
the air and the
water, you will
probably get a
crude, primitive
impulse to get
even with motor-
ists in general!
It's a most sat-
isfying feeling!



HELP WANTED



Even if you don't feel very helpful, it pays to answer these ads nowadays!

Most outfits have a personnel department, but don't let that fancy name scare you off!



"Inside, a most chummy feller will do his doggonedest to make you feel right at home!"



"Then, just as you're about to drop into deep sleep, he starts braggin' about all the benefits this here company offers to its employees . . ."

Insurance? Er . . . I'm a little numb in th' skull on that! How does it work?

Elementary, my dear chap! Let's step into the elevator and I'll explain!



- * **BIG PAY**
- * SHORTY-HOUR WEEK
- * LIFE INSURANCE
- * HEALTH INSURANCE
- * ACCIDENT INSURANCE
- * WORK BREAKS
- * PROFIT SHARING
- * VACATIONS GALORE





Er . . . excuse me
for askin' such
a simple question,
but . . . what
elevator?



Tch—tch! I
goofed!



I . . . I think
I stubbed
my toe, sir!

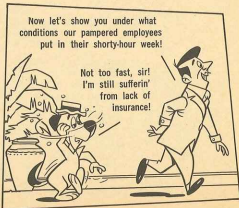
Well, this is
a good time
to explain to
you about
insurance!

if you were working for
us, the insurance would
pay for a doctor, nurse,
and hospital!



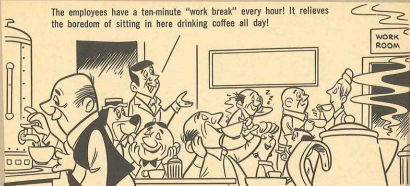
Thank you, sir!
It's all so
clear the
way you
explain
it!

Now let's show you under what
conditions our pampered employees
put in their shorty-hour week!



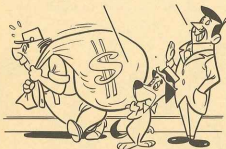
Not too fast, sir!
I'm still sufferin'
from lack of
insurance!

The employees have a ten-minute "work break" every hour! It relieves the boredom of sitting in here drinking coffee all day!



Er . . . is this feller goin' on a money break?

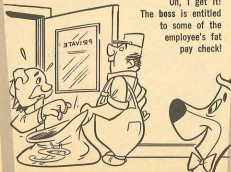
Heh-heh! Don't be silly . . .



He's participating in our profit-sharing plan!



Oh, I get it! The boss is entitled to some of the employee's fat pay check!



Wal, not a bad deal, except for one thing . . . you didn't mention vacations!

Awk! How could I forget?



I wasn't watching the time, and
I've missed one of my vacations!

One
of 'em?!



Er . . . exactly
how many
vacations
does a
feller
get
here?



Oh, there's winter vacation . . .
April Fool's vacation . . . summer
vacation . . . Halloween vacation . . .

Halloween!
My favorite time
o' year! I'll take
the job!

You're
hired!



Say! Now that I'm an employee, maybe
you'd best tell me what business
this is . . . what's the product?

Oh, we don't
turn out
products,
dear chap . . .



We just turn out
happy employees!



the End

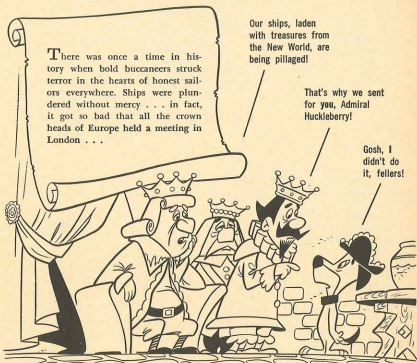
JOLLY ROGER DODGER

There was once a time in history when bold buccaneers struck terror in the hearts of honest sailors everywhere. Ships were plundered without mercy . . . in fact, it got so bad that all the crown heads of Europe held a meeting in London . . .

Our ships, laden with treasures from the New World, are being pillaged!

That's why we sent for you, Admiral Huckleberry!

Gosh, I didn't do it, fellers!

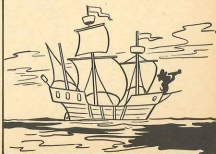


Knucklehead! We want you to catch the pirate, Jolly Roger!

Shucks, why didn't you say so? I already hired a lawyer!



And so, after giving him a fighting ship, Admiral Huckleberry sets forth to rid the sea of the notorious pirate, Jolly Roger!



Then, one fateful day,
an ominous ship appears
on the horizon!



The ship in question
flies a black flag,
copied from
the label of
an iodine
bottle!



Halloo, thar,
black ship!
Stand by to
identify
yourself!
Who are
You-u-u?

Who wants to know?



I, Sir . . . Admiral Huckleberry . . .
Commissioned by his most
Royal Majesty to catch an'
transport in irons,
without delay, a
certain awful ol'
pirate . . . namely,
Jolly Roger!

Why, you swab,
I'm Jolly Roger!



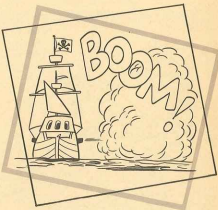
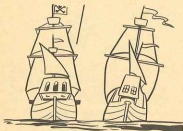
And I aims to blast your worm-eaten ship right off the ocean, you lily-livered swab!



It's no use, Rog . . .
You can't smooth-talk your way outa this one!

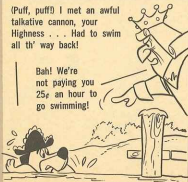


My cannon will do
the talkin' for me!



(Puff, puff!) I met an awful
talkative cannon, your
Highness . . . Had to swim
all th' way back!

Bah! We're
not paying you
25¢ an hour to
go swimming!



I can't get near Jolly Roger in
a fighting ship! Give me a
merchant vessel so he'll try
to rob me! Then I'll nab him!

Hmm . . .
Okay!



And so, Admiral Huckleberry sets sail again, laden with kings' gold . . .

Now to sail over to the Spanish Main where Jolly Rogers hangs out!

He invades the pirate's domain, this time in the clever disguise of an innocent merchant vessel . . .



Heave to, ye heavily laden merchant ship!

Yay! He's coming . . . and he fell for the bait!

Won't he be surprised when I, an Admiral, appears from this helpless-looking merchant vessel and . . .

Welcome aboard, Admiral! HAW, HAW, HAW!

Maybe I'd better go back and try again!

No, no! Stay here! We're planning a little party for you!



Well,
thanks!

That's it!
Transfer the
cargo, men!

Aye, aye!



Now we can get
on with the party
... a splash party!



Aw, you
don't have
to go to all
this bother!

Go on . . . walk
the plank!



My first dive will be a
half gainer with a
full twist!



Show-off!

Hah! I knew he was
bluffing! He dives
like a turtle!



Well, bye-bye, Admiral!
We must be on our way
to headquarters!



Hoist the anchor, men!

Ho-ho-ho!



Ho-ho-ho,
hissself!
I had it
all planned
this
way!



Now I'll find out
where they've hidden all
their other loot!

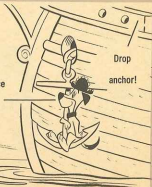


Before long, the pirates
arrive at an island in the
Caribbean . . .

All that treasure
they've been burying
there makes it as lumpy
as a dill pickly! Perchance
that is why it's called
Dill Pickle Island!



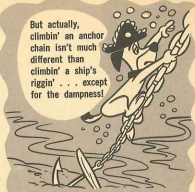
Drop
anchor!



Ooops! I hadn't planned on this here happening!



But actually, climbin' an anchor chain isn't much different than climbin' a ship's riggin' . . . except for the dampness!



When Admiral Huckleberry finally gets topside, the pirates are already ashore . . .

There's no more room to bury loot on Dill Pickle Island!

Our treasure map is so full of X's it looks like a big one-sided tic-tac-toe game!

What a pickle!



Heh! Wealth isn't everything! Those rich pirates are miserable!



What'll we do with the new loot aboard ship?

Pirates aren't too bright . . .



They always sink all their wealth in real estate . . . and this isn't a very choice location . . .

It's got very few trees to hide behind!



Ahoy, boy! Give up or I'll
blarst you with your own
cannons, Jolly Roger!



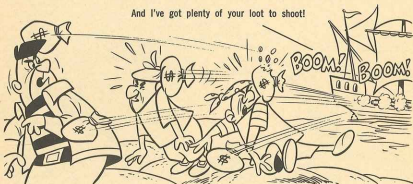
Eh? Admiral
Huckleberry
aboard our
ship!?

Ha, ha, Admiral . . . you can't
blast us . . . those cannons
are fresh outa cannon balls!



Uh-huh!
But there's lots
of powder, pardner . . .

And I've got plenty of your loot to shoot!



Yuk! Yuk! It took a cool
fortune to knock all
those pirates out cold!

Oh, yeah?

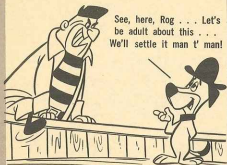


I've got a
pretty hard
head, Admiral!



Oh-oh! And I'm
fresh outa money,
with no friendly
Loan Company
about!





See, here, Rog . . . Let's
be adult about this . . .
We'll settle it man t' man!

Ever'body has a weakness! And
I have a hunch Roger
knows nothin'
about the manly
art of self
de-fence!



Put 'em up, Rog!

Try an'
hit me!

WHOP!



Well, boxing isn't
his weakness, that's
fer sure!

HAW, HAW, HAW!

Ever'body has some kinda
weakness, an'
when I find
out his,
I'll . . .



I got it!

A pistol is
everybody's
weakness!



It's only fair to
warn you . . . I seldom
miss at this
distance, Rog!



Haw! Haw!
I got a
mighty strong
stomach,
buster!

Well, you can't
win all the
time!

BANG!



GRRR!

My, you're
healthy!



But did anyone ever
tell you you've got
a cold nose?



HAW-HAW!

Cut that out!
It tickles!

Ticklish, eh? Now
I've found out his
weakness!



HEE-HEE!
HO-HO!
OH, NO!
HAR-de
HOO!
HAW!

Wal, bust my barnacles!
This is why they call him
Jolly Roger! We'll have a
millyun laughs from
here to London!



And so, amid the cheers
of the people, Admiral
Huckleberry arrives in
Merry Old England with
Jolly ol' Roger . . .

HAW!
HAW!



But when he presents their
Royal Majesties with the bill . . .

What?! Your bill for
services rendered
totals \$3.75!

There's some
mistake . . . we're
only paying you
25¢ an hour!

Uh-huh! I
gave myself
a raise!



When I came face t'
face with Jolly
Roger, I decided the
job was worth more!

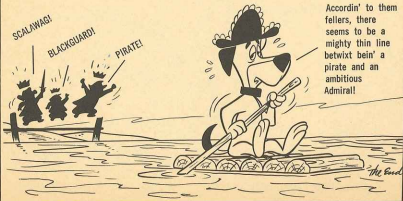


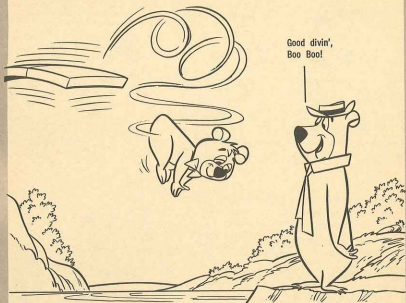
SCALWAG!

BLACKGUARD!

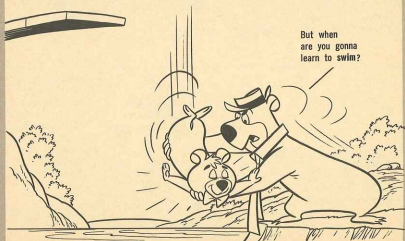
PIRATE!

Accordin' to them
fellers, there
seems to be a
mighty thin line
betwixt bein' a
pirate and an
ambitious
Admiral!





Good divin',
Boo Boo!



But when
are you gonna
learn to swim?

THAT'S SHOW BIZ

**QUIET!
ROLL 'EM!**

Whazzat? Somebody
presumes to hush a
Yogi Bear in his own
natural habitat?

What's a "Quiet roll
'em," anyway?

I'm smarter
than the
average-type
bear, and I
don't even
know the
answer to
that question!

Hmmm . . . very interesting . . .
in an unintelligibilable
sorta way!

I'm through, I tell you! Two days
in this hot bear suit and I've
had it! Get yourself another
bear! I'm turning in my suit!

But how will
I ever finish
"Bear from Outer
Space" without
a bear?

That's
your
problem!

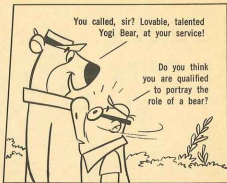
I'm through! I quit! Fini!

Oh, whatever
shall I do for
a bear?



You called, sir? Lovable, talented
Yogi Bear, at your service!

Do you think
you are qualified
to portray the
role of a bear?



I might have trouble playin'
the part of "Hammy-let," but,
believe me, I can
play the part
of a bear! I've
been practicin'
it all my life!
Heh, heh!



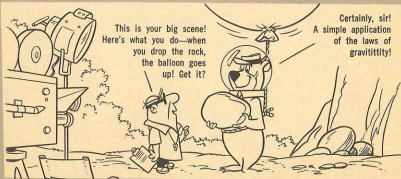
What can I lose?
Besides, he's got
his own bear suit!

Okay!
Places
everyone!



This is your big scene!
Here's what you do—when
you drop the rock,
the balloon goes
up! Get it?

Certainly, sir!
A simple application
of the laws of
gravittitty!



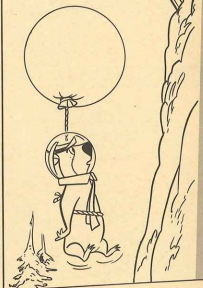
So far
so good!
Now, here's
your line!
Remember it!

I got
it, sir!



Good heavens, John!
It's . . . it's a bear!

Great Scott, Cynthia!
How did he find our
secret hide-out atop
this lonely craggy peak?



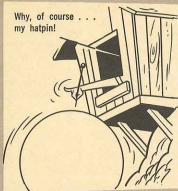
If only we had a pin . . .
oh, dear! Where will
we ever find a pin?



Try your
hat, lady!



Why, of course . . .
my hatpin!



BOOM!



You were only
great in that
scene! Now, in
the next scene . . .

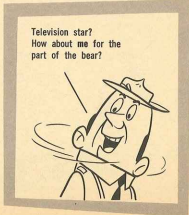
Hold it, mister! There won't
be any next scene! As forest
ranger, I forbid it! There
shall be no exploiting of park
bears for commercial purposes!

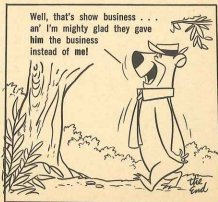
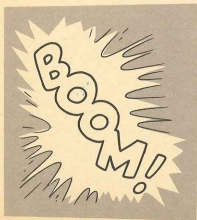
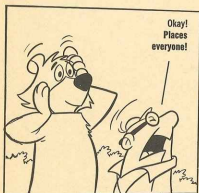


Bend a little, won't you?
If only I had someone to
play the scene, I
could make him a big
television star!



Television star?
How about me for the
part of the bear?

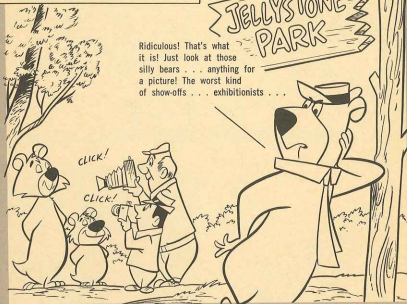




THE INVITE

JELLYSTONE
PARK

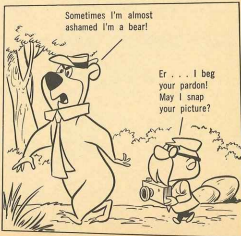
Ridiculous! That's what it is! Just look at those silly bears . . . anything for a picture! The worst kind of show-offs . . . exhibitionists . . .

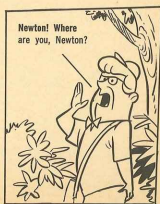
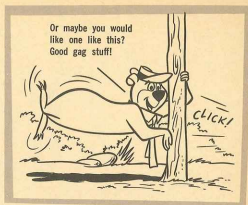


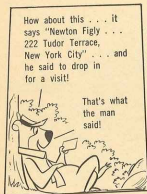
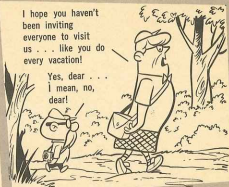
Oh, no! Not that corny pose!



Sometimes I'm almost ashamed I'm a bear!







New-ton! Who was that at the door?

Newton! Answer me!



Mercy sakes! It's Lillybell! She mustn't find you here!



Good heavens! What's this? A bear rug?

Yes, dear! It just arrived from Jellystone Park! I had . . . er . . . forgotten I ordered it!

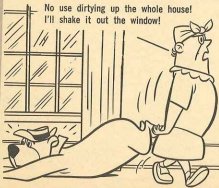


I knew it! It's dirty! If we can't get it clean, back it goes . . . right where it came from!

Yes, sweetie!



No use dirtying up the whole house! I'll shake it out the window!



If this doesn't work, I'll have to try something else! I'm not going to have a filthy thing like this cluttering up my house!



I know! I'll put it in the washing machine! I don't know why I didn't think of that in the first place!



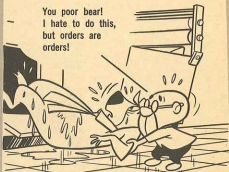
Now, as soon as it's washed, put it through the wringer!



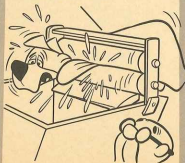
Dear me! I hope the bear is fond of water!



You poor bear! I hate to do this, but orders are orders!

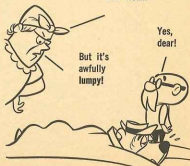


Sweetie face wouldn't like it if I didn't do it!



Shortly . . .

Well, at least it's clean!





But I'll
soon fix
that!

There! That's
a little better!
The rug's mangy
enough, but why on
earth did you get
one that's so
stupid looking?



That does it!
That does it!
You have just
insulted a
guest!

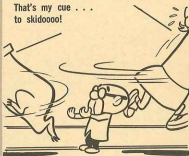
Yes,
dear!

EEEEK!
Newton!
It's a real
bear!



That's my cue . . .
to skidoooo!

Help! Police!



I've gotta get out of
here . . . but I'm trapped!



Help!! Police!!



Hello, Jellystone Park . . .
 Ranger Smith speaking . . .
 I've spotted our runaway bear!
 I'll go down and pick him up!



Bro-ther! Am I glad to
 see you! The
 forest primeval will
 look mighty cozy to
 me after what
 I've been through!



Lady, are you sure there's
 a bear on your terrace?

Of course,
 I'm sure!
 Go get him!



Bear
 on the
 terrace?

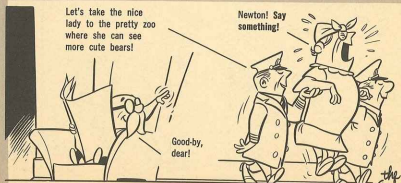
She's real
 gone! Next,
 she'll probably
 be seeing
 polka-dotted
 elephants in
 her pantry!



Let's take the nice
 lady to the pretty zoo
 where she can see
 more cute bears!

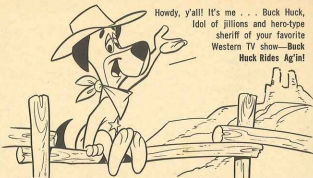
Newton! Say
 something!

Good-by,
 dear!



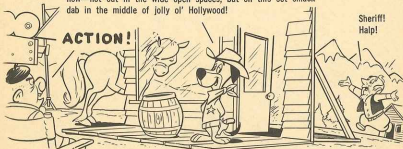
the
 end

BUCK HUCK RIDES AGAIN



Howdy, y'all! It's me . . . Buck Huck,
Idol of jillions and hero-type
sheriff of your favorite
Western TV show—Buck
Huck Rides Ag'in!

We're shootin' a fil-um for the series right
now—not out in the wide open spaces, but on this set smack
dab in the middle of jolly ol' Hollywood!

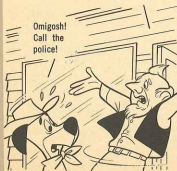


ACTION!

Sheriff!
Halp!

Halp! My beautiful daughter
has been stolen by Dirty Bert!

Omigosh!
Call the
police!



Argh! You're
the law in
this story!

Oh! He's such a good
actor, I thought
this was for real!



Heh! Thanks! I
think you're
good, too!

"After exchangin' congratulations and havin' a press conference, I set out to find his beautiful daughter . . ."

**CUT!
CUT!**

Uh-oh! Whoa, Goldie! The director is jumpin' up and down!

Keep awake! The villain, Dirty Bert, has put a rope across the trail to trip your horse!

(Whew!) It'll be a nasty spill!

Yes! We won't take any chances! Send in the stunt men!

MEN? Isn't **ONE** man enough?

Of course not! It takes two men to fill out that horse costume!

Oh! I get the picture now!

"Naturally, it wouldn't do to have Goldie get hurt! Those stunt men know how to fall without even mussin' their teeth!"

Aha! Stand up and let's fist-fight, Buck Huck!

Okay, Dirty Bert, you dirty bird!



"These movie fights are a laugh . . .
You purposely miss with your fist
while the other feller makes
sound effects and acts smacked!"

CRACK!



Cut! Cut! It'd be terrible
if you accidentally
connected!

Stunt man!



"Oh, that long-jawed stunt
man . . . I did accidentally
connect!"

OW!

CRACK!



"And to top it off, he was a
poor sport sorta stunt man!"

OW!

SOCK!

I quit this
crummy
job!



"Finally, the moment my fans all wait for with their noses pressed
up ag'in their picture tubes . . . my ricochet shootin' scene!"



"But once in a while a ricochet shot misses a prop due to a pokey prop man!"

Oh-oh! The bullet's supposed to ricochet off this frying pan!



"Instead it bounced off a boulder and the beautiful gal I was rescuin' got in the way!"



"This wasn't in the script, but I still got Dirty Bert in a roundabout back-stompin' way!"



"The romantic ending is next . . . the beautiful gal kisses her hero . . ."



On your mark . . . get set . . .

CUT!

CUT!



"Yep, folks . . . you guessed it . . . They've even got a stunt man for this part!"

But don't go away yet . . .



I know it's been disappointin' to
some o' you to see how TV cowboy
films are made! Just so's you won't
suspect still worse of us actors . .



Look here!
(GLUB!)



See? I don't dye my
hair and it's real
hound hair, too!



And only
genuine
teeth
can do
this . . .



No contact
lens . . .
Ouch!



And no elevator
shoes to make me
look like a long
drink o' water!



Yes, Sir, folks . . . My
shows might be rigged-up,
but Huck Buck himself is
all healthy,
hardy, he-hound!



Ah-ah-
ah . . .



Only
one
thing
worries
me . . .



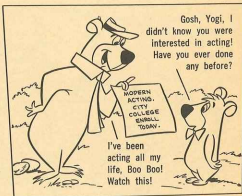
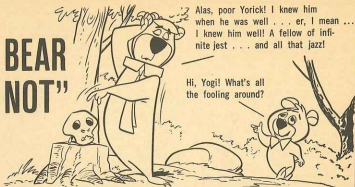
CHOO!



I suspect that
Goldie has a
few secrets!

the End

"TO BEAR OR NOT"



Can you give a hungry, homeless bear a sandwich, neighbor? You wouldn't want a skinny old bear running around in your National Parks, would you?



It was nothing, really! I came from a long line of Bearymores! Now I must be off . . . The footlights beckon, I reckon!



Yes, humble friend! I'll give you the honor of becoming the first member and president of the Yogi Bear Fan Club, Bub! You may applaud me whenever you wish!



Thank you, your phonyness!

That night . . .

Here we are, Yogi, let's go in!



It will be great to see some fellow Thespians! Handsome, clean-cut types with sparkling personalities!

I think we made a boo-boo, Boo Boo! We've got the wrong room! This must be the detention hall!



Ahh . . . Ummmm . . . like . . . what can I do for you, square bear?

We're looking for . . . like the Dramatics class!

You have arrived, Dad! Modern method acting's dished up here nightly!



Psst! What's "method" acting, Boo Boo?



Don't ask me! I'm still working on "square bear"!

. . . As I was saying, the use of the twitchy side scratch is very important in method acting!

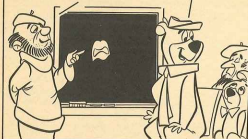


Hey-hey-hey! I'll bet that tickles!



This is the petulant pout!
Highly effective in creating
a mood or covering up when
you've forgotten your lines!

This method acting sounds
great! I think I'm going
to like this class!



Ahhh . . . Like class has been
in session for twenty
minutes! Since we don't
believe in over-instruction,
we'll start our first
play immediately!

Like,
hooray!



I have decided to do a modern version of a
gripping saga of the woods! A dramatic tale of a young
innocent in the clutch of three monsters, "Goldilocks
and the three bears on the waterfront"!

Wow! There
should be a
part in that
for me!



Who would like to
be Poppa bear?

I would, Sir!
Me! Yogi! I'm
a bear! Look!
Fur! Teeth!
The whole bit!



Sorry, you're
not the type!

Sheesh! If
I'm not the
bear type,
what type
am I?



I see you in the part of Goldilocks!
What brilliant off-beat casting!
Man, you'll be perfect!

Gee, Yogi . . .
The title
role!



Later ...

All right,
prop man
Boo Boo, get some
porridge mixed up!

And you, Goldilocks,
read your lines! I'm
still not happy with
the way you do it!

Yes, Sir!



Oh, what a cute little
cottage! I wonder who ...

No, man, no!
I could
understand
every word
you said!



You have to mumble, dad!
Talk with your lips closed!
And remember to scratch
once in a while!

I'll try
again,
Sir!



And you're too
neat ... let's age
this blouse!

And slouch. . hunch in
those shoulders, man
... STOOPI!



Chee! There's more to
this method acting
than meets the
eye, guy!

I hope Yogi catches on quick, or
the instructor is going to make
him turn in his wig!



And I better get this
porridge out there or
I'll have to hang up
my prop hat!



Showtime . . . My, this is a pretty cottage . . . and that smells (sniff!) (sniff!) like nice fresh porridge on the table!



Mumble, man, mumble! And scratch it up a little!

Yummy-yummy! This porridge is just right!



Ugh! I can't get my mouth open!

Mmmphh . . . Unngggff . . . Orrrugh!



Great! He's another Garbled Grando!

His mumbles are divine! They say so little!

CLAP! CLAP!

CLAP!

Next day . . .

Alas and alack! Wouldst thou give this undernourished ol' bear a tasty tidbit, Sir?



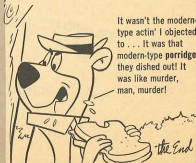
For that performance, you deserve a ham sandwich!

Gee, Yogi, I hear you turned in your wig . . . and I see you've switched back to the Bearymore type of acting!



This is the correct truth, Boo Boo!

Didn't you like the modern method type of acting?



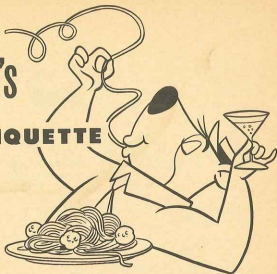
It wasn't the modern-type actin' I objected to . . . It was that modern-type porridge they dished out! It was like murder, man, murder!

the End

YOGI BEAR'S

TIPS ON ETIQUETTE

Handy Rules
for Getting
The Most Out
of Eating



Don't knock everybody outa the way to be first to reach the table! Be polite about it . . . just pogo-stick over them!



Napkins have many uses besides wiping your face and hands! They're good for dusting shoes, carting away left-over chicken, and chasing away pesty beggars! If your napkin gets too soiled from wiping your messy face, use the end of your tie! A spotted tie is best, of course, for it blends nicely with the gravy spots!



If you drop your spoon, don't show your shaggy side topside attemptin' to retrieve it . . .



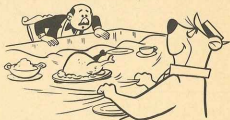
Be dignified . . . pick it up with your piggies! (Note, also, that you won't miss a single mouthful this way.)



The long reach across the table for coveted goodies is taboo . . . you might hurt yourself!



Simply draw in the tablecloth! It only calls for a little finger clinchin'!



Now, if you should find a fly or some other foreign object in your chow, don't embarrass your hostess by mouthin' off about it . . . Instead, slyly arrange things so it'll *secretly* come to her attention!



If you're a blowhard like me, don't blow on your soup to cool it . . . you'll just end up with a cool *empty* soup bowl! A long hose routed through your ice water is my modern answer to the hot soup problem!



Now this is a sorry sight, indeed . . . a dinner guest who ate too much!



I used to be just like that . . . but no more! Ol' Yogi knows when to jump up from the table, now!



How do I do it? Heh-heh-heh . . . *modern science!* When I start gettin' heavy, a spring pops outa my portable scale and tips me off!



P.S. But in case the dessert looks extra-good, I always carry a pair of *wire cutters!*



CHARGE IT

Hot doggie! Somebody
sent mail to me!



Why, it's an
invitation to a
formal party!

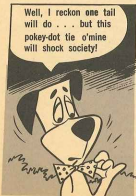


What's a
formal
party?

It's a fancy affair
where fellers wear tails
and black bow ties!

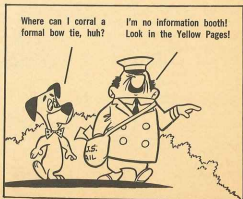


Well, I reckon one tail
will do . . . but this
pokey-dot tie o'mine
will shock society!



Where can I corral a
formal bow tie, huh?

I'm no information booth!
Look in the Yellow Pages!



I hope I can find the Yellow Pages!
It's not easy when you're a color-blind canine, like I am!



This must be my lucky day!
I found the Yellow Pages and
a place that sells bow ties!
Now to git over there!



Ahem!

Cough medicine is in
the sick, sick, sick
department!

INFORMAL
TIES

RELAX
IN A
LOOSE
NOOSE!

FORMAL
TIES

TIE ONE ON
TONIGHT

You don't understand . . .

I craves to buy this
here formal bow tie!

FORMAL
TIES

Here's one already gift-wrapped! . . .
Now, which credit card shall I charge
it to? . . . The World-Wide Club, the Inter-Planet
Club, the Lunchers' Club . . . the . . .

None of 'em . . .



I'll
pay
you . . .

Y-you mean
with money?

FORMAL
TIES





Cash has run in my family for years! I refuse to get a credit card!



I'm an American-type citizen, an' I've got a right to spend real money if I want to! I'm gonna charge back in here an' . . .

Did you say charge?



I knew you'd change your mind! It's silly to fight it!

(Sigh) I am gettin' weak!

Right over here!



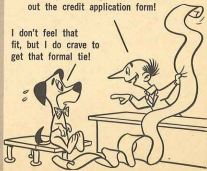
Say, "Ah"!

Ah do!



I now pronounce you fit to fill out the credit application form!

I don't feel that fit, but I do crave to get that formal tie!



Congratulations, Mr. Hound . . .
Here's your credit card! I'm
sure you'll get a charge
out of it! Hee, hee!



Sold out! Every bow tie in
town has been taken by
eager party-goers!

Say, where
did all those
formal ties
go to?



It'll be a shame not to
use this charge card,
now that I have it!



One bottle of
black ink!

Charge
it, Pardner!



Oh, my Goodness! Y-you're
defacing your charge card!

I know it!



But the dang thing would
go to waste otherwise!



the End

DIET RIOT

Gosh, Yogi . . . there you go again! You cleaned off that whole platter before I even got a bite!

(Slurp! Munch! Munch!) Sorry, Boo Boo buddy, but you got to be fast around here!



I'm going over to the cupboard and get some of those cookies we got from the ranger!

(Munch!) Er, I wouldn't if I were you, Boo!



Yipe! They're all gone!

Yeah! Last night I got a craving for a little snack, Jack!



That does it! I'm leaving this place before I waste away to nothing! I haven't had a full stomach in months!

Awwww, c'mon, pal! I'm sorry! I'll reform!



I'll tell you what! We'll go out and beg a few sandwiches off the tourists . . . and I'll give you a fair share!

Well, okay!



I'll give them the lean and hungry look! That always gets them!

You? The lean and hungry look? This I got to see!



Gee, Dad, look at that big fat bear! . . . And he's asking for food!



Poor thing! He looks like he hasn't had a decent meal in at least five minutes! We'll save our goodies for thinner bears!

Gee whiz! What am I going to do? I'm just an unwanted, fat bear!

Don't take it so hard, Yogi! All you have to do is go on a diet!



That's it! I'll go on a diet . . . and let the fat fall where it may!

I've got to make sure that he goes on a diet! Then maybe I'll get a chance to eat something!



Awww, I don't think you can do it, Yogi! You'd never stay on a diet!

Think you not! You are speaking to a bear with will power that will never bend, friend!



Later . . .

Ahhh! Deelicious! How are you doing over there, Yogi buddy?

(Puff! Pant!) Okay, I guess, but how about my lunch?



I'm bringing
it to you . . . a
crisp lettuce
leaf!

Sheesh! Lettuce again!
Just call me bunny bear!



I'll get the tape
measure and see
how I'm doing while
I still have the
strength to
walk across
the cave!

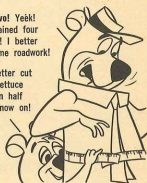


If I know Yogi, he'll stop dieting the
minute he sees he's lost one inch
off his waist . . . so I took
the precaution of altering this
tape measure a little!



Fifty-two! Yeek!
I've gained four
inches! I better
do some roadwork!

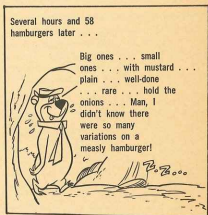
I'd better cut
that lettuce
leaf in half
from now on!



Bedtime . . . Well, I guess I'll turn in!

Me, too! Going to sleep
keeps me from thinking
about food!
I dream
about it
instead!





Oh, am I full! . . . I don't think I could eat anything for a month!



Morning . . .

That Yogi . . . what a guy! It must be tough on him to go to bed on an empty stomach . . . and he still keeps smiling!



As a reward, I'm going to make him a big surprise breakfast . . . hamburgers and hot cakes!



Wait'll Yogi sees this! Will he be happy!



Wake up, Pal!
Surprise!

Huh? . . . Hold the onions . . . oh, it's you, Boo!



Here you are . . . hamburgers and hot cakes! A reward for staying on your diet!

(Ulp!) I'm still stuffed, but if I turn this down, he'll know I went off my diet!



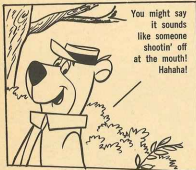
You're living high on the hog, Yogi . . . breakfast in bed!

Yeah! And . . . (Ulp!) . . . I shoulda stood in bed last night!



Getting a BANG Outa LIFE

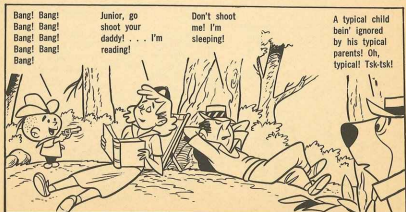
What's with this bang
stuff? Sounds like
it's comin' out of a
mouth-mouth instead
of a gun-mouth!



You might say
it sounds
like someone
shootin' off
at the mouth!
Hahaha!



Aha! Some typical
tourists relaxin' in
Jellystone Park . . .

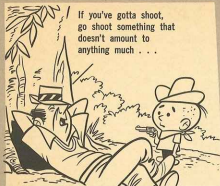


Bang! Bang!
Bang! Bang!
Bang! Bang!
Bang! Bang!
Bang!

Junior, go
shoot your
daddy! . . . I'm
reading!

Don't shoot
me! I'm
sleeping!

A typical child
bein' ignored
by his typical
parents! Oh,
typical! Tsk-tsk!

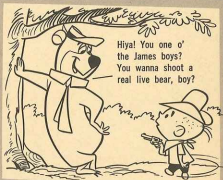


If you've gotta shoot,
go shoot something that
doesn't amount to
anything much . . .



Like a bear!

Just for that, I will
fraternize with
Junior . . . on his own
bang-bang level!



Hiya! You one o'
the James boys?
You wanna shoot a
real live bear, boy?

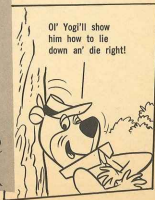


Bang!

Ohhh!



Ogh-h-h!



Ol' Yogi'll show
him how to lie
down an' die right!

Bury me on
boot hill,
pardner!
Croak!



Oops! How about that!
Junior's bringin' home
the big game! I'll bet his
parents will be real proud!



Junior, stop playing with
that dirty old bear . . .
and go wash your hands!



Chee! What a
grouch! I'm not
a dirty bear . . .
a little dusty,
maybe, but
not dirty!



Poor little kid . . .
Nobody to play with!
He'll just have to
sit around the ol'
campfire twiddlin'
his thumbs . . .



Wanna play horsie, eh?
Okay, Buffalo Bill,
hold onto your hat . . .



And away we
go, go, go!



Awrk! Easy, sonny . . .
(Gasp!) . . . just say "Whoa"
if you want me to stop!



Yeowch! Get those spurs out
of my hide, kid! All you have
to do is say "Giddup!"

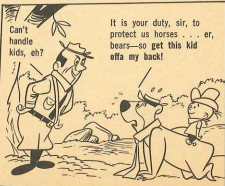


Wah-wah-woo!
I'm beginnin' to
understand why
the parents don't
play with this kid!



Can't
handle
kids, eh?

It is your duty, sir, to
protect us horses . . . er,
bears—so get this kid
offa my back!



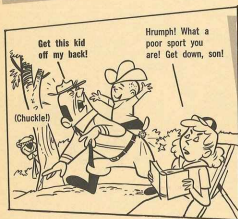


Come on, sonny ...
Daddy ranger
will give you
a ride!



I wonder where
Junior is!

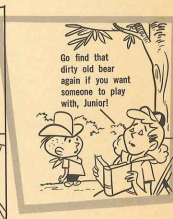
I was hoping
he might be
lost, but here
he comes with
the ranger!



Get this kid
off my back!

Humph! What a
poor sport you
are! Get down, son!

(Chuckie!)



Go find that
dirty old bear
again if you want
someone to play
with, Junior!

(Ulp!) Oh, no! I'm
not gonna play
with that terror-
type tyke again!



I'm gonna go play
in the traffic,
where it's safe!

the End



Bill Hanna



Joe Barbera

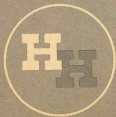
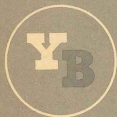
Neither Bill Hanna nor Joe Barbera entertained childhood dreams of being cartoonists, yet their talent for creating original and delightful cartoon characters has put them at the very top of the cartoon industry! Bill studied engineering and Joe studied banking, but the creative spark in each of them was too strong to be satisfied by engineering or finance.

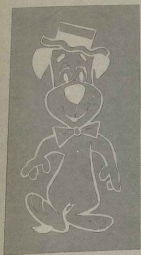
In 1937, while working together in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer animation studio, Bill and Joe developed the "Tom and Jerry" series which brought them fame and seven Academy Awards for these popular cartoon characters.

With the advent of big-time television, they made cartoon history by creating a brand-new concept in animation, which quickly set the pace for hilarious fun for children and grownups alike.

Their first program, THE RUFF AND REDDY SHOW, was soon followed by THE HUCKLEBERRY HOUND SHOW. One of the cast, Yogi Bear, caught the fancy of the nation so completely that he now appears in his own weekly YOGI BEAR SHOW. Other outstanding successes are THE QUICK DRAW MCGRAW SHOW and THE FLINTSTONES.

Today, in the busiest cartoon studio in Hollywood, this dynamic team is preparing more funfare for the enjoyment of their captivated viewers everywhere!





'BYE NOW
FROM ME
AND MY
SUPPORTING
CAST.

